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VOLUME IV.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The Wanderer, who once said to me,
I passed through the city in the cool of the year;
A man in the garden plucked a fruit from a tree,
And I asked him how long he had been here?
He answered me, and he plucked away,
And he always stood where it stands today,
And he said to me, "I will stand here and stay."
The Wanderer, who once said to me,
I passed through the city in the cool of the year;
A man in the garden plucked a fruit from a tree,
And I asked him how long he had been here?
He answered me, and he plucked away,
And he always stood where it stands today,
And he said to me, "I will stand here and stay."

THE BABES IN THE CLOUDS.

Just ten years ago, there suddenly
burst upon the western world a mag-
nificent stranger from foreign parts,
with all his traveling glories on. It
was the great comet of 1865, on the
grand tour of the universe.
It seemed strange that petty human
life could go on as usual, with its eat-
ing and drinking, its talking and
pleasuring, while that "flaming
minister," on his billion-leagued cir-
cuit, was preaching the wonders of in-
finite immensity and power, and the
nothingness of earth. The comet no
longer rans his kindling race, like Vish-
Alpino's henchman, with his fiery cross,
announcing war and disaster.
Herald of battle, fate and fear,
He is our own business, not ours.
Under the tail of this particular
comet, doubtless many a tale of love was
told—in the light of his swift splendors
many a tender look exchanged. The
astronomer coolly swept the starry field
with his glass, unawed by the irregular
night-guard patrolling the heavens, and
the robber and murderer disdained the
awful witness. He left us as he found
us—joined to our mortal idols, wise in
our own conceit, weak, and worldly,
and wicked, but no castaways of the
universe after all.

We remember that comet summer,
not so much for its great astronomical
event as for two singular incidents that
more nearly touched our human sym-
pathies, which will grovel in poor
earthly affairs, even within sight of the
most august celestial phenomena.

One pleasant Saturday afternoon
during the comet's appearance, an aëro-
naut, after a prosperous voyage, de-
scended upon a farm in the neighbor-
hood of a large market town in one of
the western states. He was soon sur-
rounded by a curious group of the
farmer's family and laborers, all asking
eager questions about the voyage and
the management of the balloon. That
secured by an anchor and a rope in the
hand of the aeronaut, its car being a
foot or two above the ground, was
swaying lazily backward and forward in
the evening air. It was a good deal
out of wind, and was a sleepy and in-
nocent monster in the eyes of the farmer,
who, with the owner's permission, led
it up to his house, where, as he said,
he could hitch it to his fence. But be-
fore he had thus secured it, the three
children, aged respectively, ten, eight,
and three, begged him to lift them
"into that big basket," that they might
"sit on those pretty red cushions."

While the attention of the aeronaut
was diverted by more curious ques-
tions from a neighboring farm, this
father lifted his darlings one by one
into the car. Chubby little Johnny
proved the "ounce too much" for the
aerial camel, and brought him to the
ground; and then, unluckily, not the
baby, but the eldest hope of the family,
was lifted out. The relief was too
great for the monster. The volatile
creature's spirit rose at once, he jerked
his halter out of his father's hand, and,
with a wild bound, mounted into the
air! Yain was the aeronaut's anchor.
It caught for a moment in a fence, but
it tore away, and was off, dangling
uselessly after the runaway balloon,
which so swiftly and steadily rose that
in a few minutes those two little white
faces, peering over the edge of the car,
grew indistinct, and those piteous cries
of "Papa!" "Mamma!" grew faint
and fainter, up in the air.

When distance and twilight mists had
swallowed up voices and faces, and
nothing could be seen but the dark,
cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away,
with its precious booty, like an aerial
privateer, the poor father sank down
helpless and speechless; but the mother,
frantic with grief, still stretched her
yearning arms towards the inexorable
heavens, and called wildly into the
unanswering void.

The aeronaut strove to console the
wretched parents with assurances that
the balloon would descend within thirty
miles of the town, and that all might
be well with the children, provided that
it did not come down in the water or in
deep woods. In the event of its de-
scending in a favorable spot, the

thought that the older child might step
out leaving the younger in the balloon.
They might again rise and continue
its voyage.

"Ah, no," replied the mother, "Jen-
nie would never stir from the car with-
out Johnny in her arms."
The balloon passed directly over the
market town, and the children seeing
many people in the streets, stretched
out their hands and called loudly for
help. But the villagers, though they
saw the bright little heads, heard no
calls.

Amazed at the strange apparition,
they might have thought the translated
little creatures small angel navigators,
on some voyage of discovery, some lit-
tle cherubic venture of their own, as
heading toward the rosy cloudlands and
purple islands of sunset splendor, they
sailed deeper and deeper into the west,
and faded away.

Some company they had, poor little
sky-waifs! Something comforted them
and allayed their wild terrors—some-
thing whispered that below the night
and clouds was home; that above was
God; that wherever they might drift or
dash, living or dead, they would still
be in His domain and under His care—
that though "bored" away among the
stars, they could not be lost, for His
love would follow them.

When the sunlight all went away, and
the great comet came blazing out, little
Johnny was apprehensive that the comet
might come too near their airy craft,
and set it on fire with a whisk of its
dreadful tail. But when his sister as-
sured him that the fiery dragon was "as
much as twenty miles away," and that
God wouldn't let him hurt them, he
was tranquilized, but soon afterward
said, "I wish he would come a little
nearer, so I could warm myself, I'm so
cold!"

Then Jennie took off her apron, and
wrapped it about the child, saying ten-
derly, "This is all sister has to make
you warm, darling, but she'll hug you
close in her arms, and we will say our
prayers and you shall go to sleep."

"Why, how can I say my prayers be-
fore I have my supper?" asked little
Johnny.
"Sister hasn't any supper for you or
for herself, but we must pray all the
harder," solemnly responded Jennie.
So the two baby wanderers, alone in
the wide heavens, unawed by darkness,
immensity and the millions of unpy-
ling stars, lifted their little clasped
hands, and sobbed out their sorrowful
"Our father," and that quaint little
supplementary prayer:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

"There! God heard that, easy; for
we are close to Him up here," said in-
nocent little Johnny.

Doubtless Divine Love stooped to
the little ones and folded them in per-
fect peace—for soon the younger, seated
on the bottom of the car, with his head
leaning against his sister's knee, slept
as soundly as though he were lying in
his own little bed at home, while the
elder watched through the long, long
hours, and the car floated gently on in
the still night air, till it began to sway
and rock on the fresh morning wind.

Who can divine that simple little
child's thoughts, speculations, and wild
imaginings, while watching through
those hours? She may have feared
coming in collision with a meteor—for
many were abroad that night, scouts
and heralds of the great comet—or,
perhaps being cast away on some deso-
late star-island, or more dreary still,
floating and floating on, night and day,
till they should both die of cold and
hunger. Poor babes in the clouds!
At length, a happy chance, or Providence—we will say Providence—guided
the little girl's wandering hand to a
cord connected with the valve; some-
thing told her to pull it. At once the
balloon began to sink, slowly and gen-
tly, as though some celestial pilot guided
it through the wild currents of air, not
letting it drop into lake, or river, lofty
wood, or impenetrable swamp, where
this strange, unchild-like experience
might have been closed by a death of
unspeakable horror; but causing it to
descend as softly as a bird alighting, on a
spot where human care and pity awaited
it.

The sun had not yet risen, but the
morning twilight had come, when the
little girl, looking over the edge of the
car, saw the dear old earth coming
nearer—rising towards them," she
said. But when the car stopped, to her
great disappointment it was not on the
ground, but caught fast in the topmost
branches of a tree. Yet she saw they
were near a house whence help might
soon come, so she awakened her brother
and told him the good news, and to-
gether they watched and watched and
waited for deliverance, hugging each
other for joy and warmth, for they were
cold.

Farmer Burton, who lived in a lonely
house, on the edge of his own private
prairie, was a famous sleeper in gen-
eral, but on this particular morning he
awoke before the dawn, and though he
turned and turned again, he could sleep
no more. So, at last, he said to his
good wife, whom he had kindly awak-
ened to inform her of his unaccountable
wakefulness, "It's no use, I'll just get
up and dress, and have a look at the
comet!"

The next that worthy woman heard
from her wakeful spouse was a hasty
summons to the outer door. It seems
that no sooner did he step forth from
his house than his eyes fell on a strange
potent shape, hanging on a large
pear tree, about twenty yards distant.
He could see no likeness in it to any-
thing earthly, and he half fancied that
it might be the comet, who, having put

out his light, had come down there to
perish. In his fright and perplexity he
did what every wise man would do in a
like extremity: he called upon his
valiant wife. Reinforced by her, he
drew near the tree cautiously recon-
noitering. Surely a pear tree never bore
such fruit.

Suddenly there descended from the
thing a plaintive, trembling little voice:
"Please take us down. We are very
cold."

Then a second little voice said:
"And hungry, too. Please take us
down."

"Why, who are you? And where are
you?"

The first little voice said: "It's us,
and we, running away with a balloon.
Please take us down."

Dimly comprehending the situation,
the farmer, getting hold of a dangling
rope, succeeded in getting down the
balloon.

He first lifted out little Johnny, who
ran rapidly a few yards toward the
house, then turned round, and stood
for a few moments, curiously surveying
the balloon. The faithful little sister
was so chilled and exhausted that she
had to be carried into the house, where,
trembling, she told the wonderful story.

Before sunrise a mounted messenger
was dispatched to the Harwood home,
with glad tidings of great joy. He
reached it in the afternoon, and a few
hours later the children arrived, in
state, with banners and music, and covered
hay-wagon and four.

Joy-bells were rung in the neighbor-
ing town, and in the farmer's brown
house, the happiest family on the con-
tinent thanked God that night.

It would seem that this comet had
some occult, maddening influence on
the balloons, for during its appearance
there occurred in another western state
an involuntary ascension, similar to the
one I have related, but more tragical in
its termination.

An aeronaut, while, if I remember
rightly, repairing the network of his
balloon, was seated on a slight wooden
cross-piece suspended under it; the car
having been removed a few feet above
the ground by merely a rope in the
hand of an assistant. From a too care-
less grasp this rope escaped, and in an
instant the gigantic bubble shot up-
ward, carrying the aeronaut on his frail
support; a rider more helpless than
Mazepa bound to his Ukraine steed, a
voyager more helpless than a ship-
wrecked sailor afloat on a spar in mid-
ocean.

The balloon rose rapidly, but un-
steadily, swaying and pitching in the
evening wind. As long as it remained
in sight the form of the aeronaut could
be distinguished, swinging beneath it.
And as he was known to be a man of
uncommon nerve and presence of mind,
it was hoped that even from his dizzy
perch he might manage to operate on
the valve, or at least to puncture a
small hole in the balloon, and thus ef-
fect a descent.

But such efforts, if he made any, were
vain, as for many days and nights there
was anxious inquiry and patient search
over a wide extent of country with no
result. We gave him up. Only wifely
love hoped on, and looked and waited.
At last, in a wild spot, the wreck of the
balloon was found, and that was all.
Still, wifely love hoped on, until, a
month or two later, some children nut-
ting in a wood, many miles away from
where the balloon was found, discov-
ered, half buried in the ground, a
strange dark mass that looked like a
heap of old clothes, but there was a
something, shapeless and fearful, hold-
ing it together.

It was thought the aeronaut parted
company with his balloon by loosening
his hold on the cords above him, in
desperate efforts to open the valve; but
he may, after whirling in swift vortices,
or plunging and mounting, through
cloudy abysses of air, have become un-
nerved by the awful silence of the up-
per night, by the comet's fearful com-
panionship, by whelming immensity
and infinity, and wearily let go his hold,
to drop earthward.

Private Fish Culture.

Mr. Seth Green, the well-known pis-
ciiculturist, states that he has invented
a new method for transporting and
hatching nearly all kinds of fish eggs,
by which spawn can be carried for 180
days journey and can be hatched in any
room in the house. One million eggs,
it is also said, can be hatched by using
a pail of water daily. It is believed
that fish culture by private parties can
be rendered a lucrative source of in-
come, provided it is followed with the
same care as is exercised in the raising
of poultry or any other live stock.
Hundreds of farmers have streams and
ponds on their lands now of no value
save perhaps as watering places for cat-
tle in pasture, and yielding a few worth-
less perch and catfish, perhaps an occa-
sional trout or pickerel. If Mr. Green
has solved the most difficult part of the
problem, namely, the successful trans-
portation of the eggs, the mode of
stocking the waters and the rearing of
the fish, are not difficult subjects of
which to acquire an adequate knowl-
edge. One species of fish in particular,
which is little known, would probably
prove especially remunerative. The
land-locked salmon is a distinct species
of the fish, though so closely resem-
bling the ocean salmon as to suggest the
idea that, at some remote period, a
quantity of the latter fish, being by a
convulsion of nature barred from re-
turning to the sea, had propagated in
their landlocked quarters and eventu-
ally developed into a separate variety.
The habits of the land-locked and ocean
salmon are closely similar.

Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott.

"Some Old Letters," in Scribner's for
March, are accompanied by a hitherto un-
published life sketch of Sir Walter Scott by the
celebrated artist Gilbert Stuart Newton. In
this installment of "Old Letters" we find the
following anecdotes of the author of "Waver-
ley":

"At that past six we went to dine
with the Fergussons. The doctor was
quite ill with a cold. Sir Adam Fergus-
son, Sir Walter Scott's intimate and
confidential friend, dined there; our-
selves, Mrs. D., and one of her daugh-
ters.

"We had a very charming dinner, for
Sir Adam has the most marvelous pow-
ers of description. He made us laugh
heartily, and told us, too, a great many
interesting anecdotes about Sir Walter
Scott. He is a very remarkable person
himself. He is the original of Dugald
Dalgetty. This is all I find in the old
letters about the dinner, but I must tell
what I can recollect of the account
Mrs. X. gave me in later years. Sir
Adam, she said, was a tall, gray-haired
man, with a broad Scotch accent. He
described how one, early morning, in
Sir Walter Scott's library, when he and
Sir Walter were to make the fire of peat
burn, and, after many efforts, succeeded
in some degree. At this moment one
of the dogs, dripping from a plunge in
the lake, scratched and whined at the
window. At last Sir Walter let the
"quar creature" in, who, coming up
before the fire, shook his shaggy
hide, sending a perfect shower-bath
over the fire and over a great table of
loose manuscripts. Sir Walter, eyeing
the scene with his usual serenity, said,
slowly: "Oh, dear, you've done a great
deal of mischief." It reminds us of the
tale related of Newton. On this
same occasion of the dinner, Sir Adam
Fergusson, and of traveling with Sir
Walter on the continent and going to
see the troops on donkeys, and he per-
formed both donkeys and riders with
his fingers on the table until his audi-
ence was in an agony of laughter.

"Fergusson passed the evening with
us, and we had some music. I asked
him, as he was so fond of listening, if
he didn't sing a little himself. 'I'll
tell you an anecdote of Sir Walter
Scott,' said he, 'that will answer your
question. The night when I was stay-
ing at Abbotsford, Annie Scott had
been singing to the accompaniment of
her harp a Scotch ballad, and I was
for some time.' Sir Walter turned to me,
saying in a strong Scotch accent:
'No, Fergusson, give us a howl!'

"During one of my visits there,"
continued Dr. Fergusson, "among other
guests was Hogg, 'Ettrick Shepherd.'
I heard a horrible noise in an adjoin-
ing room, and, after listening some
moments to it, became alarmed, and
said to my host: 'What is that noise?'

"Oh," said he, "it's Hogg—just Hogg
composing his verses. He always sings
them as he writes them."

"Though he liked some rude strains,
Scott could well attune his ear to softer
music, and was very fond of Moore
song X. sings, that ends:
'Short as the Persian's prayer, his prayer at
close of day,
Should be each vow of love's repeating.
Quick let him worship beauty's precious ray,
E'en while he kneels that ray is fleeing.'

"He used to say, 'Come X., let me
have that Persian's prayer; and he
would listen with great delight to the
singing of it."

"They recalled an amusing story of
an old servant who had lived with Scott
for nearly a lifetime, and became very
much spoiled. Sir Walter at last, out
of patience with his sins of omission,
said:

"Donald, I think we must part."
"Part! why? Where's your honor
going?"

"Of course peace was made, and
Donald remained.
"They told sadly of the dear old
man returning from Italy (where he
went for his health), with his memory
impaired. Mrs. Arkwright, who had
set his "Pirate's Farewell to Minna" to
music, sang it to him. "Those are very
pretty verses," said Sir Walter. "Who
wrote them?"

"Charles Scott, Sir Walter's second
son, is a very clever, agreeable man. I
see a good deal of him at the Lock-
hart's, here and elsewhere. Sir Walter
was most proud of his eldest son Wal-
ter, who is rather a dull fellow, but
large and fine-looking. His father
used to say that it was enough if a boy
knew how to ride and speak the truth;
those were the most important things.
"Charles Scott made me laugh about
the visitors at Sir Walter's house and
Melrose Abbey. See the Abbey by
moonlight they must, because of the
line:

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aught,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

"And many a time," said Charles
Scott, "when the moon was not con-
venient, I took a lantern to produce the
effect."

A Lock of Hair.

Almost every one has at least one
lock of hair cut from the head of one
now dwelling in that silent land whence
come no messages, no letters, no tokens
of any kind to tell of love or of remem-
brance. Every one knows that strange
emotion, half joy, half woe, with which
the tiny relic of so much that was once
dear can thrill the soul. Only now and
then do we dare to take it from its hid-
ding place, hold it in the palm, press it
to the cheek, and use it as a talisman to
recall all that we must perforce forget
in the work-a-day world for the sake of
strength to do its battle.

We do not know whose hair that
which you treasure may be; whether
the glossy curl from a baby's head, the
dark lock from the brow that once
made your breast its pillow, a parent's
gray tress, or a young lover's sunny

curl. Nor does it matter, for all live
in its essence, in that part of it that
outlives death, is alike and equally
pure, but we know that there is nothing
like it to you anywhere. There are no
words for the thoughts it brings. They
murmur language. As you touch it, and
gaze at it, you have nothing to say.
You feel the thorns of your dead rose,
that is all, and the wounds they make
bleed.

Snail Culture in France.

Frogs, horses, and snails—the first
are an odd but toothsome dainty, which
epicures, in this country as well as else-
where, dearly prize; but horses, and
especially snails—these are articles of
diet which the enlightened American re-
public has yet to be educated to relish.
Hippophagy, we have repeatedly ex-
plained, is as common in Paris, or
nearly so, as the eating of beef; and
the worn-out steed finds his way to the
abattoir as readily as the milkless cow
or stalled ox. Hence, as a *mare*
bonne bouche he has palled on the
Gallic taste, educated by swollen geese
livers or decayed salmon roes; a new
dainty has been sought for, found, and
the basis of the industry which the
production has developed is snails.
There is nothing peculiar about the
mollusc. It is the every-day slimy
little object of which one finds thou-
sands in gardens, vineyards, and the
woods. Switzerland and the provinces
of Burgundy and Provence are the
places of its cultivation. Throngs of
women and children scour the country,
collecting the snails in immense num-
bers, and depositing them in little
trunks of land, inclosed with simply a
trail of sawdust. This last the snails
despise; he cannot cross it, and avoids
its vicinity as a matter of preference.
Therefore, for his confinement it is as
good as a stone wall. After incarcera-
tion for two or three days, he is per-
mitted to starve, and then the plot is
laid out in patches of turf intersected
by paths of sand. Above boards are
hung to serve as shelter for the snails,
which instinctively gather in large
groups. The food provided consists in
aromatic plants, such as mint, or let-
tuce, and fragments of vegetables.
This is fed to them three times a day
in enormous quantities. At the end of
eight days, the snails become a *grand*
objet, and besides have attained a very
succulent flavor. Then comes another
period of starvation for several days,
after which transmission to market fol-
lows.

Gourmands, it is said, prefer the
snail when taken wild, so long as the
capture is made at a particular period.
After the eggs are laid in May, the
molluscs conceal themselves under
stones to avoid the autumn frosts.
There they become perfectly free from
excretions, and drawing themselves
into their shells, close up for the win-
ter. It is when they are collected in
this state that their flavor is said to be
best.

Parisian Balls.

In Paris, when the sun goes down
and honest people get to bed, queer
things take place. When the gas is
lighted, and the places of amusements
open in full blast, curious sights are to
be seen. A correspondent, who has
evidently been doing his duty consci-
entiously, skimming around the dark
corners of the city, has found some re-
markable dancing-halls, where Terpi-
clore evidently delegates some of her
distant relations to preside over the
festivities. "One of the most extraor-
dinary of these balls," he writes, "is
that held in a blind alley, and opposite
the shed where the guillotine is
housed; the *habitués* are mostly the
grave-diggers belonging to Pere St.
Regnold, Pere La Chaise cemetery, the
tombstone men, and the undertakers'
assistants. The proprietor of the place
is a Spaniard, and his ability consists
in imitating the weeping of mourners,
and the orations delivered at civil inter-
ments. There is a ball that charges no
admission fee, but all who participate
in a 'contre danse' have to pay two
sous each; the proprietor, on the con-
clusion of the dance, encircles the
dancers with a cord, and who pay the
fee to be liberated, and which also
serves as a noose to drag out recalcit-
rants. Polkas, waltzes and mazurkas
are gratis, and short. The 'Monsters'
also have their balls in the Rue des
Flandres; it is here where infant prod-
igies and all human phenomena meet;
dancing is as general as quarreling, and
jealousy of each other's imperfection
is the badge of all the tribe. The
'Skeleton Man' indulges in a can-can;
a man with a 'cupalo head' waltzes with
a woman bearded like the pard; in a
quadrille a dwarf has for vis-a-vis the
woman with 'fish scales' instead of skin;
a kind of Milly-Christine united mul-
titudes drowns or drown care in a polka,
the 'Chouteau Man,' has the power of
developing a dromedary hump, as he
enjoys a mazurka with a Newfoundland
dog. A Cyclop, with his diamond eye,
acts as master of the ceremonies."

GRAPES AND BILIOUSNESS.—Grapes
are recommended as a cure for bilious-
ness. This fruit, by its agreeable acid-
ity, so acts on the system as to relieve
it of its bile, and thus removes the
cause of the symptoms enumerated, and
that is "cure." The immediate cause
of all the discomfort is a "confined"
condition of the system; the seeds of
the grapes act as an irritant as they
pass along the alimentary canal and
cause it to "water," just as the eye
"waters" if a hard substance touches it.
This watering dissolves the more solid
matters contained in the intestines,
"washes" them out and the man is
well. The covering of the grapes
should be chewed but not swallowed.

SATINGS AND DOINGS.

"Good many children!" echoed a
Missouri farmer as a traveler counted
up fourteen: "I just wish you'd come
up to the graveyard with me!"

"Mr. lecture," said a Californian or-
ator, "will be brief." A turnip hit
him on the "divide" at that instant,
and he announced: "The meeting
stands adjourned!"

Commas have been the destruction of
art. There are no good models now-a-
days, says the sculptors. When Powers
made his Greek Slave he worked it out
of sixteen different models, and then he
had to go back to the antique for his
bust.

CHARLES, Ruskin, Tennyson, Brown-
ing and some other distinguished Eng-
lishmen are reported to have signed a
memorial protesting against the horri-
ble cruelties too often perpetrated un-
der the pretext of scientific vivisection.

Don't tell us any more about the
good women of old. An observer who
wrote hundreds of years ago said:
"Woman is a necessary evil, a natural
temptation, a desirable calamity, a do-
mestic peril, a deadly fascination and a
painted ill."

"I am very little of you," said an
old gentleman at a Louisville ball to a
young lady whom he had not met in a
long time before. "I know it," was
the artless reply, "but mother wouldn't
allow me to wear a very low-neck dress
to-night, the weather is so cold."

A good joke is told of a resident of
Providence, R. I., who, failing to get
his usual supply of water, concluded
the pipe was frozen, and spent nearly
a day in endeavors to thaw it out. His
feelings may be better imagined than
described when he found that the water
had been shut off for non-payment of
water rent.

SEVENTEEN years ago a Louisville
woman was told by a clairvoyant that
she was destined to marry an Auburn-
haired young man with blue eyes and a
heavy mustache; that he would soon
be rich, and that they should have two
children—a boy and a girl. She did
marry the Auburn-haired man. They
have five children now, the Auburn hair
has disappeared from the husband's
head, and he is getting fifteen dollars a
week.

"Hi! Samuel, has you moved yet?"
inquired one colored man of another
whom he met at the market yesterday.
"No, I'm still in de old place," was
the answer. "But I war told dat you
war gwine to get out ob de neighbor-
hood," continued the first. "Wall, I
did make up my mind to, but you see
de family next door, and de family on
de corner, and de family 'cross de street,
have left dere wood piles out doors,
and I desern't desire to change."

A school teacher in Umatilla county,
California, had a pretty girl of sixteen
as a pupil. She entangled his heart,
and then cruelly jilted him. Thereupon
he sought revenge. Catching her in a
slight infraction of the rules, he swung
his birch branch aloft, and commanded
her to stand up and be whipped. She
ran out of the door and like a deer
crossed the fields toward home; but her
fleetness was of short duration, and the
angry schoolmaster's hand soon grasped
her arm. Her courage had gone with
her wind, and she offered then to
there to kiss and make up if he wouldn't
whip her. He declined to compromise,
led her back to the school-house, and
flogged her until blood came through
the back of her dress. Her hour of
exultation came when she saw him fined
\$50 for assault.

A FARMER called at the house of a
lawyer to consult him professionally.
"Is t' Squeer at home?" he inquired
of the lawyer's wife. He was answered
negatively. After a moment's hesita-
tion a thought relieved him. "Mebby
yourself can gi' me information as well
as t' Squeer, as ye're his wife." The
kind lady promised to do so if she
found it in her power, and the other
proceeded as follows: "Spouse ye
were an old white mare, an' I should
borry ye to gwang to mill with grist
on yer back, an' we should get no farder
than Stair Hill, when all at once ye
should back up, and rear up, and pitch
up, and kneel down backward, and
break yer darned old neck, woid pay
for ye? Not I—darn me if I would!"
The lady smilingly told him, as she
closed the door, that as he had himself
settled the case, advice would be super-
fluous.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont.
Palestine is one-fourth the size of New
York. Hindoostan is more than a hun-
dred times as large as Palestine. The
Great Desert of Africa has nearly the
present dimensions of the United
States. The Red Sea would reach from
Washington to Colorado, and it is three
times as wide as Lake Ontario. The
English Channel is nearly as large as
Lake Superior. The Mediterranean if
placed across North America, would
make sea navigation from San Diego to
Baltimore. The Caspian Sea would
stretch from New York to St. Augus-
tine, and as wide as from New York to
Rochester. Great Britain is two thirds
the size of Japan, one-twelfth the size
of Hindostan, one-twentieth of China,
and one-twentieth of the United States.
The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times
the size of Lake Superior, and about
as large as the sea of Kamotatka, Bay
of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk, or
Japan Sea; Lake Ontario would go in
either of them more than fifty times.
The following named bodies of water
are nearly equal in size: German
Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea; Hudso-
Bay is rather larger; the Baltic, Adri-
atic, Persian Gulf and Aegean Sea half
as large and somewhat larger than
Lake Superior.